Enter Baſtard

Baſt. Turne ſlaue and fight.

Ther. What art thou?

Baſt. A Baſtard ſonne of *Priams.*

Therſ: I am a baſtard too, I loue baſtards. I am baſtard begot, baſtard inſtructed, baſtard in minde, baſtard in valour, in euery thing illigitimate, one beare wil not bite another, and wherefore ſhould one baſtard? take heed, the quarrells moſt ominous to vs, if the ſonne of a whore fight for a whore, he tempts iudgement, farewell baſtard.

Baſt. The diuell take thee coward. *Exit.*

Enter Hector.

Hect. Moſt putrified core ſo faire without,
Thy goodly armor thus hath coſt thy life;
Now is my daies worke done ile take my breth:
Reſt ſword thou haſt thy fill of bloud and death.

Enter Achilles and Myrmidons.

Achil: Loke *Hector* how the Sunne begins to ſet,
How ougly night comes breathing at his heeles
Euen with the vaile and darkning of the Sunne,
To cloſe the day vp, *Hectors* life is done.

Hect. I am vnarm'd forgoe this vantage Greeke.

Achil. Strike fellowes ſtrike, this is the man I ſeeke,
So Illion fall thou next, come Troy ſinke downe,
Here lies thy heart, thy ſinnewes and thy bone.
On *Myrmydons*, and cry you all amaine,
Achilles hath the mighty *Hector* ſlaine, *Retreat:*
Harke a retire vpon our Grecian prat.

One: The Troyans trumpet ſound the like my Lord.

Achil: The dragon wing of night oreſpreds the earth,
And ſtickler-like the armies ſeparates.
My halfe ſupt ſword that frankly would haue fedde,
Pleaſ'd with this dainty baite thus goes to bed:
Come tie his body to my horſes taile,
Along the field I will the Troyan traile. *Exeunt:*

Enter Agam: Aiax, Mene: Neſtor, Diom: and the reſt marching.

Aga. Hark, harke, what is this?

Neſt.

Neſt. Peace drums.

Sould: within. Achilles, Achilles, Hectors ſlaine *Achilles.*

Dio. The bruite is *Hectors* ſlaine and by *Achilles.*

Aiax. If it be ſo yet bragleſſe let it bee,
Great *Hector* was as good a man as he.

Aga. March patiently along: let one bee ſent,
To pray *Achilles* ſee vs at our tent:
If in his death the Gods haue vs befriended.
Great Troy is ours, and our ſharpe wars are ended. *Exeunt.*

Enter Æneas, Paris, Antenor, Deiphobus.

Æne. Stand ho? yet are we maſters of the field,

Enter Troylus.

Troy. Neuer goe home, here ſtarue we out the night,
Hector is ſlaine.

All. Hector! the gods forbid.

Troy. Hee's dead and at the murtherers horſes taile,
In beſtly ſort dragd through the ſhamefull field:
Frowne on you heauens, effect your rage with ſpeed,
Sit gods vpon your thrones, and ſmile at Troy.
I ſay at once, let your breefe plagues be mercy,
And linger not our ſure deſtructions on.

Æne. My Lord you doe diſcomfort all the hoſt.

Troy. You vnderſtand me not that tell me ſo,
I do not ſpeake of flight, of feare of death
But dare all immynence that gods and men
Addreſſe their daungers in. *Hector* is gone:
Who ſhall tell *Priam* ſo or *Hecuba?*
Let him that will a ſcrich-ould aye be call'd,
Goe into Troy and ſay their *Hectors* dead,
There is a word will *Priam* turne to ſtone,
Make wells and *Niobe's* of the maides and wiues:
Could ſtatues of the youth and in a word,
Scarre Troy out of it ſelfe, there is no more to ſay,
Stay yet you proud abhominable tents:
Thus proudly pitcht vpon our Phrigian plaines,
Let *Tytan* riſe as earely as he dare,
Ile through, and through you, and thou great siz'd coward,
No ſpace of earth ſhall ſunder our two hates: